

J.

1452
JEANNETTE

AND

JEANNOT;

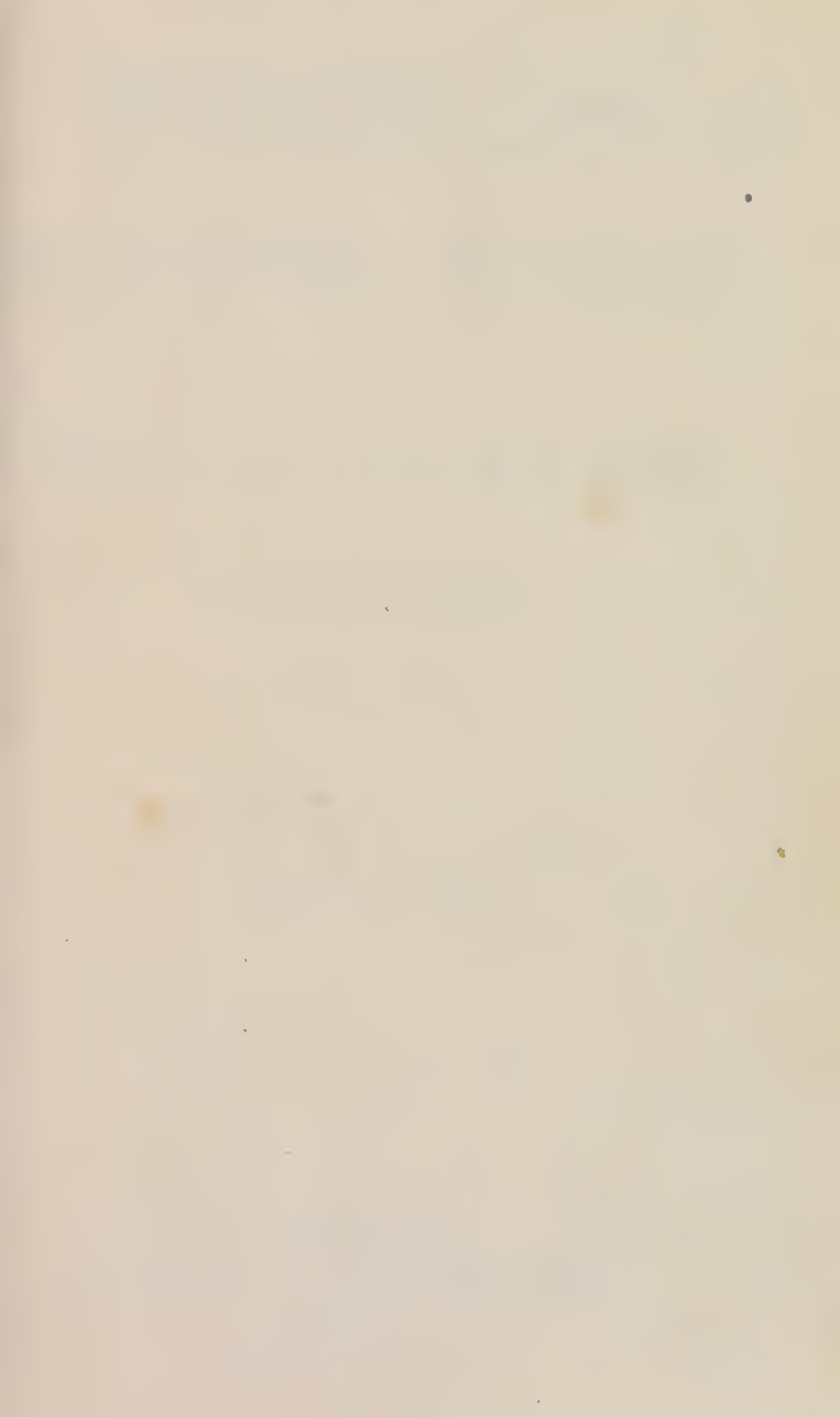
OR,

THE CONSCRIPT'S VOW.

A MUSICAL DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

BY W. H. EBURNE,

COMEDIAN AND VOCALIST.





Lara Mape
Robinson's Edition of Plays.

1853

JEANNETTE & JEANNOT;

OR

THE CONSCRIPT'S VOW.

A MUSICAL DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY W. H. EBURNE,

COMEDIAN AND VOCALIST.

EDINBURGH:

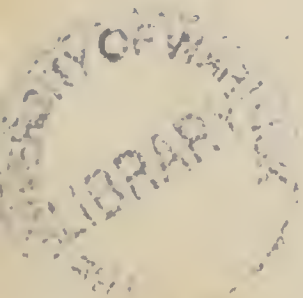
H. ROBINSON, 11, GREENSIDE STREET.

M.DCCC.LII.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
WARWICK
LIBRARY

The Gift of

Mrs G. F. Holl



032476513



PREFACE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE accompanying little sketch, without pretensions to any great originality, was suggested by the immense popularity of the song of *Jeannette and Jeannot*, first sung in Edinburgh by myself. A *piece de circonstance* was produced in London, bearing the title of the ballad, which Mr Murray was anxious to produce at the Theatre Royal. Its merits, however, not meeting with the manager's approval, the idea occurred to me of constructing a story, or probable incident, of the conscription, and introducing the whole of the original songs and the duet, also a ballad I have presumed to pen myself. I submitted my play to Mr W. H. Murray, under whose management I was then engaged, and had the honour of receiving a very complimentary note from that gentleman, which I have much pleasure in subjoining, as a gentle apology for thus wildly rushing into print. Business obliged me to leave Scotland a fortnight after this date, which prevented Mr Murray from producing the piece, in which he had kindly offered to sustain the character of Napoleon. His wonderful likeness to the Emperor, when dressed for the part, is well remembered in Auld Reekie. I am indebted to the politeness of Mr Robinson for producing my little drama in this shape; and if you will—kindly allowing for the vanity of a scribbler—accord me a patient hearing, condemning me most heartily, if deserved—but if you should chance to hesitate in your decision, pray give me the benefit of the doubt; and accept the most profound sentiments of respect from your very obedient servant,

W. H. EBURNE.

Edinburgh, June 29, 1852.

LETTER from the late W. H. MURRAY, Esq.

Theatre Royal, March 21, 1849,

SIR,—I return the MS. of “Jeannette and Jeannot,” with the perusal of which I have been extremely pleased.

I am,

SIR,

Your very obedient Servant,

W. H. MURRAY.

To W. H. Eburne, Esq.

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Gentlemen.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

MARSHAL VICTOR.

GENRRAL JOURDAIN.

COLONEL L'CLAIR.

JEANNOT, *a young Conscript, betrothed to Jeannette.*

SERGEANT DELORME, *an old soldier.*

HENRI DELPARC, }
PIERRE DUPLISSE, } *Conscripts.*

JACQUE PONTIN, *a Rustic.*

MONSIEUR ARMAND, *a Notary.*

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.

Ladies.

JEANNETTE, *in love with Jeannot.*

MADAME LEJEUNE, *her Mother.*

MARIAN, *Jeannette's Cousin.*

Male and Female Villagers, Conscripts, Soldiers, &c.

Miss Clara S. Caffe
With the authors
best wishes.

Newcastle on Tyne
Dec: 3rd 1853.

1852

TO MISS CLARA

ST CASSE

FROM AUTHOR.

interesting Preface.

The In: Morning
mentioned was

MR SIDDON'S BROTHER
(ie. Mr Henry Siddons
d. in law of SARAH)

Miss Clara S.

With the
best

Newcastle on Tyne
Dec: 3rd 1850.



JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT ;

OR, THE CONSCRIPT AND THE EMPEROR.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A French Landscape at back—Jeannette's Cottage third entrance right—Sloping platform L. U. E.—Music to begin—March and trumpet call in the distance, as MARIAN enters, second entrance L. H.

MARIAN.—Ah! my brave countrymen, whom the spirit of Napoleon converts into heroes—there you go upon your march to tread the path of glory. Nothing but the sounds of drums rolling, trumpets blowing, and flags rustling in the wind—with the measured tread of regiments, and the cries of “Vive Napoleon!” Yes, all this martial thund’ring usurps the peace and solitude of our once quiet little village, till the faces of our simple villagers beam with such a glow of loyalty when they greet their Sovereign, that it does one’s heart good to see them as they cry—“Vive l’Empereur ; and so I say, with all my heart—“Vive l’Empereur ! and Vive la Belle France !” Oh, dear ! I wish my poor simple swain—poor Jacques Pontin—would put on a little of the martial air, and a little more of the gay cavalier. I can’t help laughing at his fears, though I share in them sincerely. And there’s poor Jeannette in her cottage with her mother, breaking her little heart, I suppose, at the prospect of Jeannot having to follow his regiment in the present campaign against the Prussians.

Jacques Pontin enters, L. S. E.

JACQUES.—Now, its no use talking, Marian. Why should I go for a soldier ? What have I to do, or what do I know about Emperors—or Sultans of Russia—or Turks of India—or Popes of Kamschätka ? I’ve no acquaintance with the Royal Family—I disclaim such connections. Now, tell me, Marian (*whining*), do I look like a soldier ?

[Puts himself in awkward position.]

MARIAN.—Well, I must confess that you look a great deal more like a scarecrow just now ;—but see what a good drilling will do for you—you would be moulded, in time, as fine as the Joans of Arc, and the other fighting gladiators that stood on Madame Lejeune’s mantle-piece.

JACQUES.—Psha ! You might as well get the bellows and try to blow up a flash of lightning brighter, as to try to fashion me into “heads up.” (*Throws up his head—his cap falls.*) That would be heads off. Fire ! (*imitates.*) Fizz !! (*Marian starts.*) Quick, march ! (*marches awkwardly.*) This is my style of marching, Marian, when the enemy’s in view. (*Walks backwards.*)

MARIAN—(*laughing.*)—Oh, you fool !

JACQUES.—Yes, but I’d look a much greater fool if you were to see me in battle, trying to fire a gun with my head off.

MARIAN.—Why, Jacques, the glory of France depends upon the bravery of Napoleon's troops ; and would you be one to cast a slur upon the valour of your country ?

JACQUES.—O, no—certainly not—that's it, you see. I don't want to cast a slur, and that's why I don't want to go, for I think if they were to take me, I should, somehow or other, upset the whole concern—they'd better let me remain at home in the bosom of my family—yes, “for the glory of France ;” and when they came back, wouldn't I say they were brave fellows. Yes, yes, I'll ask them to let me stay here and learn to make wooden legs for the soldiers when they return to their sweethearts.

MARIAN.—But, my valorous Jacques, you forget one trifling impediment—how can you get off ?

JACQUES.—How ? Why, I'll take up the fashionable complaint—say I'm short-sighted, and would be sure to kill the wrong man. Bang ! and down goes a COLONEL, perhaps.

MARIAN.—Then perhaps they'd say they could make a drummer of you.

JACQUES.—Well, that might be better than a shooter ; for if I saw any danger—and my musical instrument was large enough—I could plunge myself through the sheep-skin, and lay there till the firing was over.

MARIAN.—Aye, but what excuse would you make for such clumsiness ?

JACQUES.—Why, I'd say I was troubled with corns, and that they had just begun shooting, and wounded me severely.

MARIAN.—Well, now Jaques, I'm really ashamed of you ; look at Jeannot, how martial and how military he looks— I'm sure he's a pattern for you.

JACQUES.—Well, and so am I — I'm a pattern—only of a different sort.

MARIAN.—Yes, and you're a very ugly pattern, and no one will copy you. I say again, take example of Jeannot—look at his spirit.

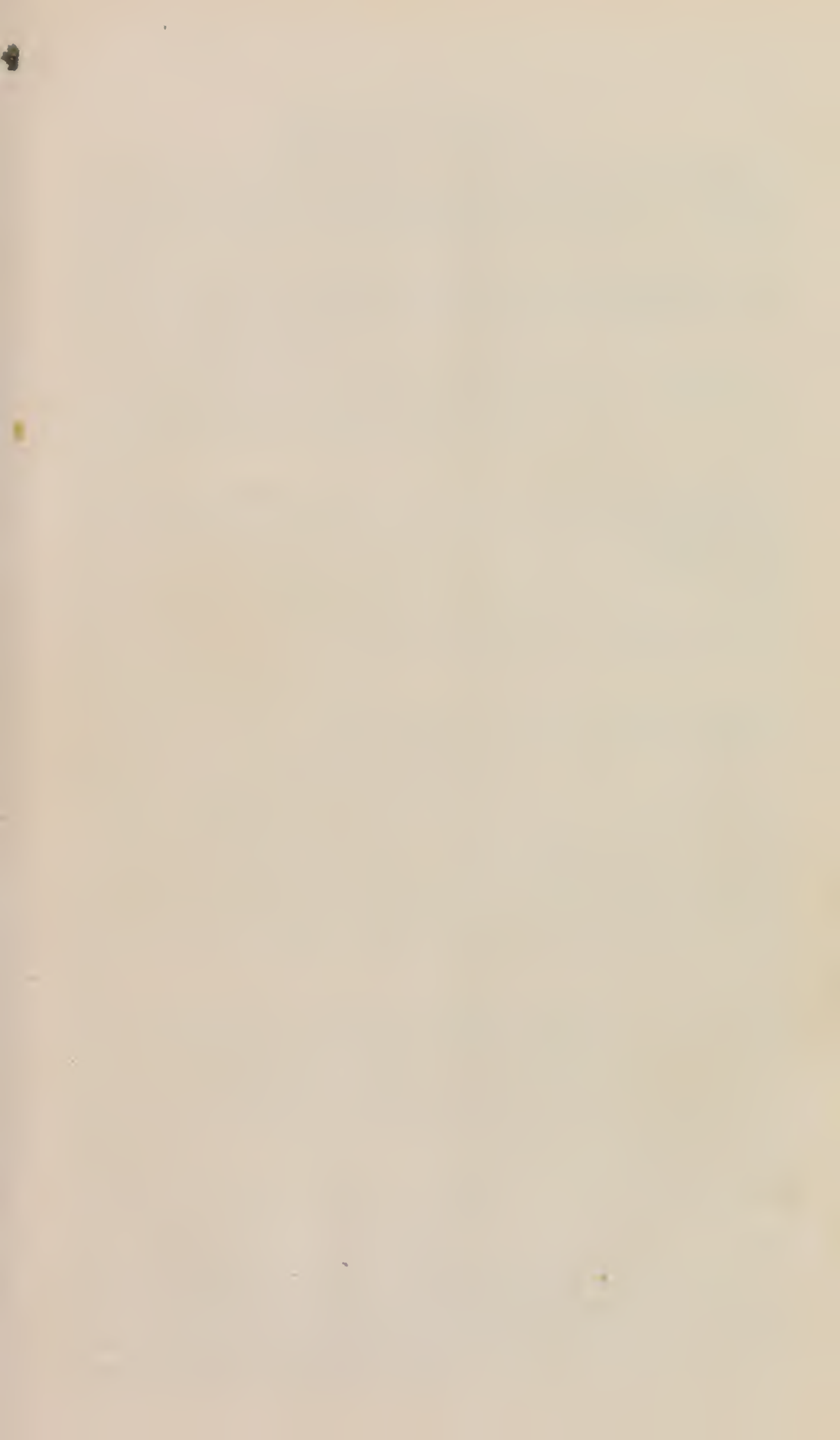
JACQUES.—Yes, and if I went to battle you'd soon have to look at my spirit—a sort of unpleasant-looking body that would come back to wear out my old clothes. But I only wish that you resembled Jeanette—why, she is frightened out of her wits at the idea of losing her lover, and quite melancholy at times, at the thought of his joining the Conscription.

MARIAN.—Of course that's natural.

JACQUES.—Well, then, don't you be so *unnatural*.

MARIAN.—I *should* be as anxious, sir, if you were as resolute as Jeannot, for I should be unworthy of my sex if I did not play off my little bit of perversity, like the rest of womankind. But, Jacques, consider that every Frenchman, however low his origin, who fights in defence of his country, knows that certain rewards and promotion are bestowed by Napoleon upon those who deserve it ; and the result is seen in those extraordinary acts of gallantry that electrify and astonish the world.

JACQUES.—Well, its of no use talking. You might as well cut off my hair and sow it in a corn field, expecting young wigs to spring up, as to fancy that I was ever *cut out* to be cut up as a soldier. Have the appearance of a companion for an Emperor ?





Enter Sergeant Delorme.

SERG.—Now, my valiant rustic! You must make your appearance to enter your name in the Conscription—remember 'tis a glorious cause, and the will of our Sovereign—heaven bless him! Vive l'Empereur!

JACQUES.—Oh, Lor!—there's another dig—they're like a lot of wasps, flying about and stinging one in vital parts with *glory* and *ambition*, and *heroes*—and all that sort of combustible material.

SERG.—Why, comrade!

JACQUES—(*alarmed*).—O dear!—O lor!—he called me “comrade.”

SERG.—Harkye! my little hero of the sheepfold—can it be that you have mounted the white feather in your cap?

JACQUES.—Have I?—(*takes off his cap and looks at it.*) I don't see it.

SERG.—Tush, man!—you're not afraid. Ought not every Frenchman to nourish a grateful feeling for the man who has raised his country to be the terror and admiration of the world? Napoleon—our Emperor—found France in a state of the wildest anarchy and confusion; and in a few years, by his own wonderful abilities, has made her the proud nation that she is. Do we not then owe him our gratitude, and would it not be an eternal disgrace if his subjects were to refuse their assistance while he is still aiming to raise their native land to the highest pinnacle of fame.

JACQUES—(*aside*).—I begin to feel a grain or two of bravery stealing in, I must confess. I think there's something in that, certainly. (*Aloud*)—Yes, sir, certainly—as you say—of course—(*bawling*)—liberty of the press, sir, you are quite right.

MARIAN.—Oh, yes; but when I think of the many brave fellows that are yearly sacrificed.

SERG.—Guns and ambuscadoes!—my fair damsel, it must ever be so, with other countries as well as this. Our great emperor knows that he is at the head of a brave nation, and, relying upon his people's regard for him, he seeks to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies by showing how completely the confidence of his subjects are with him.

JACQUES.—I'm off. I've been sucking in courage like old Peirre Soulier, the cobbler, imbibing his morning potation, or a calf sucking in his morning's milk. (*Aloud*)—“Vive la Republique! Aye, O! I beg pardon, I mean—yes, exactly—vive the public people! And now I'll vanish, for if I stay I shall boil over with valour, and go off like that ambitious frog who took in too much air, and then blew himself up for doing so.”

(*Exit Jacques Pontin, I. E. L.*)

MARIAN.—O dear! O dear! I begin to tremble now that Jacque has gone—and seems so suddenly courageous—lest any harm should come to him.

SERG.—Cheer up, my little Boadicia, and let the red flag of the God of Battles flush in your pretty cheek, to guide your wavering swain.—By all that's glorious, I look upon this war like some proud banquet—where the blood that flows shall act like nectar, and nerve the hearts of all good soldiers to struggle for their liberty—for liberty, my lass!—the blessed liberty of independence.

(*Exit Sergeant and Marian*)

JEANNETTE *enters from her cottage.*

JEANNETTE.—Ah, poor, poor me ! I think this Conscription will go near to break my poor little heart. There's my dear Jeannot, that a few weeks since was a little simple farmer, and now—lacks-a-me !—he's transformed into such a handsome young soldier, that I'm sure I never saw such a difference on any one in all my life—so smart, and so upright—and such grace—while *pauvre moi* just remains where I was—a poor, simple country girl. And then he's going to leave me—now he looks so fine. O, dear ! I wonder, now, if they were to make me a soldier, whether it would make me so gay and so much handsomer as it has Jeannot—and if I were to wear regimental caps, and carry about a large long sword—and——. Oh, dear ; there's no such good fortune for us poor girls. They won't take us for soldiers—for if they would—wouldn't I be the first to march side by side by my Jeannot ; and if he wanted any comfort in battle, who could so readily assist him as Jeannette, and dress his wounds—and cheer him up in sickness—and——

Enter from cottage Madame LEJEUNE.

MAD. L.—Hey day, Jeannette—what ?—have you turned doctor to the village, that you are going to cure every one of *wounds and sickness*, and what not ?

JEANNETTE.—Ah, dear, dear mother, I was only thinking that if I could follow poor Jeannot with our noble Emperor.

MAD. L.—Oh, my dear girl ; women must never have anything to do with battles ; they would be sure to spoil all the arrangements—who, perhaps, if they heard the word “fire,” would scream, and run away ; or else fall down and faint, and require two or three soldiers to take care of one woman ;—no, no, my dear, man invented war for himself—and women to give them courage for fighting—but not by being with them when they fought—oh, no, my dear, that would never do.

JEANNETTE.—Ah, me—I'm now to bid good bye to my sweetheart—for, within a few hours, Jeannot and his fellow-conscripts will be on their march to Toulon.

MAD. L.—Well, my dear, we must all submit ; and you must remember that yours is not a single case. There are many like you in the village ; and your poor dear father, after following the army of the Emperor through six campaigns, died upon the field of battle ; and when I received the little token that he sent by his comrade—this little cross which I have worn ever since—my eyes filled with tears, while at the same time I thanked heaven he died defending his beloved country.

JEANNETTE.—Poor mother—come don't take it so dolefully as that. I have been expecting Jeannot for the last half hour—don't you see him yet ; pray look out, mother.

MAD. L.—No, Jeannette, I see only young conscripts walking about with their sisters or their sweethearts, and that poor simple Jacques Pontin trying to stand very upright before Sergeant Delorme. I don't see Jeannot though, but he'll be here. Oh, yes, he's too true to his love to neglect you now. Surely—yes— isn't that him that's crossing the

brook at neighbour Dupont's farm. It is—and now he stops, seemingly to encourage poor Jacque Pontin.

JEANNETTE—Oh, let me see, mother—how my heart beats. Oh, yes it is him I declare. Oh, how smart he looks ; and how proud the Emperor will be of him ; and how proud I ought to be—but no, he's going away.

Enter JEANNOT, U. E. L., dressed as a soldier.

JEANNOT—Ah, my dear, dear mother, and my own pretty, darling, little Jeannette. I declare you look prettier every time I see you, though I am come to pass the last few hours with my love ; for soon, Jeannette, it must be farewell to you, to my native village, and my honest friends, and then for the ranks of the Imperial army.

JEANNETTE—Oh, dear, though I thought I had brought myself to think I could bear this parting, still I cannot help my fears. You know, Jeannot, we are continually hearing of others losing those whom they tenderly regard, and are left to mourn the loss of a husband, or a father, or brother, or—or a lover, Jeannot.

MAD. L.—Ah, these are the heavy calamities that war brings with it, and scatters its sorrows over the whole of the empire.

JEANNOT—Ah, so say all of your sex, Madame Lejeune ; but we who bear the brunt of the affray are still willing to hazard our lives in the service of the man that is almost idolized. Half Europe already acknowledges the power of France, and before long the army that is assembling at Boulogne will invade Great Britain, where they say that mines of wealth will be divided amongst the conquerors.

JEANNETTE—(*sighing*)—Ah, Jeannot, such, indeed, may be the pictures that the Emperor puts before the young soldiers ; but there is Monsieur Marbonne, and Madame Lucquet, and Mademoiselle Esquilant, and the Widow Seul—aye, and others—that shake their heads in very great doubt whenever the subject is mentioned, and they all declare that the Britons are too brave to suffer an invading army to land upon their shores.

JEANNER—Well, but our Emperor has taken down the pride of other nations, and I don't see why Great Britain should fare better than the rest ; and when we have made ourselves masters of that country, that all its immense wealth—for I hear, Jeannette, they are very industrious—as well as its broad acres, flowing with milk and honey, will be divided among those who take a part in the conquest. Only think, love, how happy you and I should be if it should be our good fortune to settle in one of those snug little cottages of Britain.

JEANNETTE—Nay, I'm sure the prospect isn't cheering to me, Jeannot, for I love France dearly—too well to wish for a home in any other country.

MAD. L.—Well, my dear children, come into the house and finish your conversation, and take a cup at parting.

JEANNETTE—Aye, mother, we'll follow you.

Exit MADAME LEJEUNE into Cottage.

JEANNETTE—Well, Jeannot, you'll promise to be faithful—won't you?—but perhaps if you go to this Britain which you speak of, you may be inclined to fall in love with one of the fair daughters of that isle, and never think of your poor and ever contented Jeannette.

JEANNOT—Why, how is this, Jeannette, you surely do not think that I can ever forget you?

SONG—JEANNETTE.

“JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.”

Written by Charles Jeffreys.

Music by Charles William Glover.

You are going far away, far away from poor Jeannette;
There is no one left to love me now, and you, too, may forget;
But my heart will be with you wherever you may go.
Can you look me in the face, and say the same, Jeannot.
When you wear the jacket blue, and the beautiful cockade,
Oh, I fear you will forget all the promises you've made.
With the gun upon your shoulder, and the bayonet by your side;
You'll be taking some proud lady and be making her your bride.

Or, when glory leads the way, you'll be madly rushing on,
Never thinking if they kill you that my happiness is gone.
If you win the day, perhaps a general you'll be;
Though I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me?
Oh, if I were Queen of France—or, still better, Pope of Rome,
I would have no fighting men abroad—no weeping maids at home.
All the world should be at peace, or if kings must show their might,
Why, let them who make the quarrel be the only men to fight.

JEANNOT—My dearest little Jeannette—why, surely that is not your real opinion; you cannot think that I could ever banish the recollection of the fond little creature that I have known and loved since we were boy and girl together, when we'd wander in our rural walks, and hand in hand to church on Sundays—and, ah, then!—I used to feel such pride, looking into that pretty face of yours, when, perhaps, you'd choose me in preference to Henri Delpare, and Duplisse, and others; think you that aught could alter the heart that has loved from childhood. No, Jeannette, that face, lit up by thy kindly smile, has ever been, and ever will be, the beacon that shall guide me in my future life; and in the battle's deadly strife, when I shall recall but one of those sweet smiles—I will cherish the vision of its beauty as if it called some guardian angel down to protect me through the chance of war.

JEANNETTE—Oh, good Jeannot, you have made me happier than I have been for days and days; and I'll now think that in spite of your rising in the world, you will still remember with affection the humble village maiden that you leave behind, and who will still be true to you till death.

JEANNOT—Then, Jeannette, I shall leave this place in the fullest confidence that, after having fulfilled the duty I owe to my Emperor and my country, I shall return to claim the hand that has been so long promised to me.

SONG—JEANNOT.

“JEANNOT AND JEANNETTE.”

Written by Charles Jeffreys.

Music by Charles William Glover.

Cheer up, cheer up, my own Jeannette, though far away I go,
 In all the changes I may see, I'll be the same Jeannot;
 And if I win both fame and gold, ah, be not so unkind
 To think I could forget you in the home I leave behind.
 There's not a lady in the land—and if she were a queen—
 Could win my heart from you, Jeannette, so true as you have been.
 They must have gallant warriors, chance hath cast the lot on me;
 But mind you this, the soldier love shall no deserter be.

Why, ever since the world began, the surest road to fame,
 Has been the field where men unknown might win themselves a name.
 And well I know the brightest eyes have ever brighter shone
 When looking at some warrior bold, returned from battles won.
 And you would put an end to deeds that ladies love so well?
 And have no tales of valour left for history to tell?
 The soldier's is a noble trade, Jeannette then rail no more.
 Were only kings allowed to fight, there'd be an end of war.

*Exit JEANNETTE and JEANNOT into Cottage.**Re-enter JACQUE.*

JACQUE—O dear! O dear! I'm to be a military soldier, and follow the conscripts to Toulon. I declare that old sergeant must be made of gunpowder and saltpetre to have blown me up in such sudden convulsions of soldiering; and he's quite right. Oh, of course, I may be a general—that is, I *may* be—and battles ain't so dangerous, after all. I daresay if you take care of yourself, and don't go running about where the cannon-balls are flying; and if they're very large, of course you're sure to see them a good way off; and they tell me I'm a smart fellow, and have a magnanimous heart, and pant for fame—and so I think I do, (to be sure they ought to know) for I was always a bad judge of valour, all my life. But where's Marian? I thought I should see her here, for she said she should come and cheer up her cousin Jeannette. Ah, poor things, when they lose the male sex—us handsome chaps—what are they? Why they're like—exactly—yes—they're like a field without the corn growing.

MARIAN Enters. L.

Well, Marian—I'm resolved on fighting, you see, and woe be to the Prussians if they don't yield quietly when they see me.

MARIAN—Yes, Jacque, you'll be obliged to leave me, and I could not have dared to encourage you to rouse up a spirit, but from a knowledge of the strict laws of the conscription. If you hesitated, why, Jacque, they'd have doomed you to death without even the chance of winning the laurel.

JACQUE—Ah! dear me, why there'd have been a loss to historians. Lor bless you, I feel as brave as—exactly—yes, I'm sure I do.

MARIAN—O yes, I'm certain you do—you look like it.

JACQUE—Yes, Marian, we must resign ourselves to our destiny, whatever it may be; some people are created to do mankind no service; I feel that I was born to terrify the world with war! but an't we going to pay a visit to Jeannette's cottage?

MARIAN—No, not now, for I have just heard that Jeannot is with her, and as it is to say farewell, why, I am not desirous of intruding on them now—but we shall see them on the road.

JACQUE—Yes, so we shall, but I wanted to startle them with my warlike deportment—I'm to go to-day to be drilled at Toulon, so, come let us wander through the fields for the brief time that will be left, and then take leave of you like a hero!

Exeunt MARIAN and JACQUE, U. E. L.

Re-enter JEANNETTE and JEANNOT from Cottage.

JEANNOT—Dearest Jeannette! I have now proved to you the constancy of my affection, and no circumstance shall ever change the feelings of a heart that is yours, and yours only!

JEANNETTE—I am confident in your sincerity, though others have said as much before, and yet, how many instances have I known of broken faith, when those who over-fondly loved have been separated.

JEANNOT—Nay, if it will increase your confidence, I will make a solemn vow never to bestow my love upon another.

Enter MONSIEUR ARMAND, the Notary, from the Back.

MONS. ARMAND—Do so, Jeannot, for the girl loves you, and it may soothe her during your absence, to know that you are bound to her by a solemn pledge as well as by every principle of manly honour.

JEANNOT—It seems, Monsieur, that you have heard our conversation, and as a friend to both parties I would ask your opinion, if love like ours could be turned to indifference by separation!

MONS. A.—Genuine love will survive all things, but for the satisfaction of both parties, I see no reason why you should not make a vow of fidelity to each other—it puts an end to doubt, and frequently softens the pangs that are occasioned by a lengthy separation—so kneel down my children upon the green turf, and yonder sun shall be witness of the solemn vow you are about to make.

JEANNETTE and JEANNOT kneel, MONSIEUR ARMAND raises his hat.

MONS. A.—Are both of you willing to swear eternal love to each other?

BOTH—Aye! that we are.

MONS. A.—That neither time nor circumstance shall make you forget that vow—that you will be indifferent to the calumnies of others, supposing that evil minded persons should raise reports calculated to mislead you—and when the time arrives for your meeting again, will you pronounce to each other those holy vows that are to last till death!

JEANNETTE—I'm sure I will, Monsieur Armand, with all my heart.

JEANNOT—And so will I.

MONS. A.—Rise my dear children, and remember that those vows are registered above. Farewell, my friends, and though your happiness be deferred for a time, may your reward be great and permanent, when you shall meet to part no more.

Exit MONSIEUR ARMAND.

JEANNETTE—O dear! I declare I quite love that good old notary, he has made me so happy and so comfortable, that I am quite another little person.

JEANNOT—And so do I, I feel that I can now look war in the face with a bolder front—and the remembrance of that vow will be my solace in many a dreary hour. Ha! here comes your mother to accompany us on the road, and then to say farewell. Come, mother, we're quite ready.

Re-enter MADAME LEJEUNE.

MAD. L.—Well, my children, I suppose we must now proceed on our journey—and when I look at you, Jeannot, I do feel a pride, as I'm sure your sovereign must do. Oh dear, who would not be an Emperor?

JEANNOT—Ah! mother, and who would not be a soldier?

JEANNETTE—Yes! and who would not be a soldier's bride?

Exit JEANNETTE, JEANNOT, and MADAME LEJEUNE, I. E. R.

Re-enter JACQUE and MARIAN, L.

JACQUE—Oh, there they go. Yes, of course, I'm coming—and who wouldn't be a hero?

Exeunt JACQUE and MARIAN, after JEANNOT, &c.

SCENE 2.—*A Rural Landscape—Enter* HENRI DELPARC, L., *as a*
Conscript.

HENRI—There they go, looking as happy as birds. How I do envy that fellow Jeannot. He has ever taken precedence of me; and now when I love that girl, Jeannette, and would have married her, he steps in and triumphs. I hope they may ramble in some of their favourite walks, so that he may not be present when the trumpet calls. He may then, perhaps, be reported a deserter, and dealt with accordingly. I wish I could think upon a plan to get him into disgrace with his superior officer, and lessen him, if possible, in the estimation of Jeannette.

Enter PIERRE DUPLISSE, L.

Ha! my friend Duplisse, you know young Jeannot, I believe!

DUPLISSE—To be sure I do, and have no very great respect for him.

HENRI—You don't like him?

DUPLISSE—Not a bit—I hate him.

HENRI—And you may suppose that I do the same—heartily dislike him—so, suppose you and I see if we can't thwart, in some way, the favour he receives from all hands?

DUPLISSE—What sort of mischief do you mean? In a word, you want to get rid of him in order that the road may be open for you to marry Jeannette?

HENRI—No, no, I would not shed his blood, nor engage others to do it; but it has been his pride to deserve the praise of the officers that are over him—I would give a month's pay if we could contrive some plan to get him into disgrace.

DUPLISSE—Does he like the taste of a good drop of wine?

HENRI—Oh, no, he is particularly sober—to be sure, a day or two since I did manage to fasten one extra glass upon him, by proposing the health of his pretty Jeannette, and her speedy marriage with the man of her heart. He tried to put me off by thanking me for the compliment—then seeing he would only be laughed at if he hesitated, he raised the wine cup to his lips and drained it to the very bottom. I am sure when he left the canteen to cross the barrack-yard he slightly staggered, and the Emperor, who had just arrived, was walking familiarly in the quadrangle observed him—at least I hope so. I have pressed him since, but you might as well have persuaded him to take poison. However, we may yet hear something of the result of his first error.

DUPLISSE—Stick to him hard and fast till he will drink, and when he has taken a glass or two I'll be bound he wont refuse to take as much as will answer your purpose.

HENRI—Why, here they come with a whole troop of the conscripts and their sweethearts to see them part of the way on their road. See there, too, at pretty little Jeannette, how she hangs upon his arm and seems to doat upon him.

They retire—Enter JEANNETTE and JEANNOT with MADAME LEJEUNE, MARIAN and JACQUE, MONSIEUR ARMAND and other Conscripts and their sweethearts.

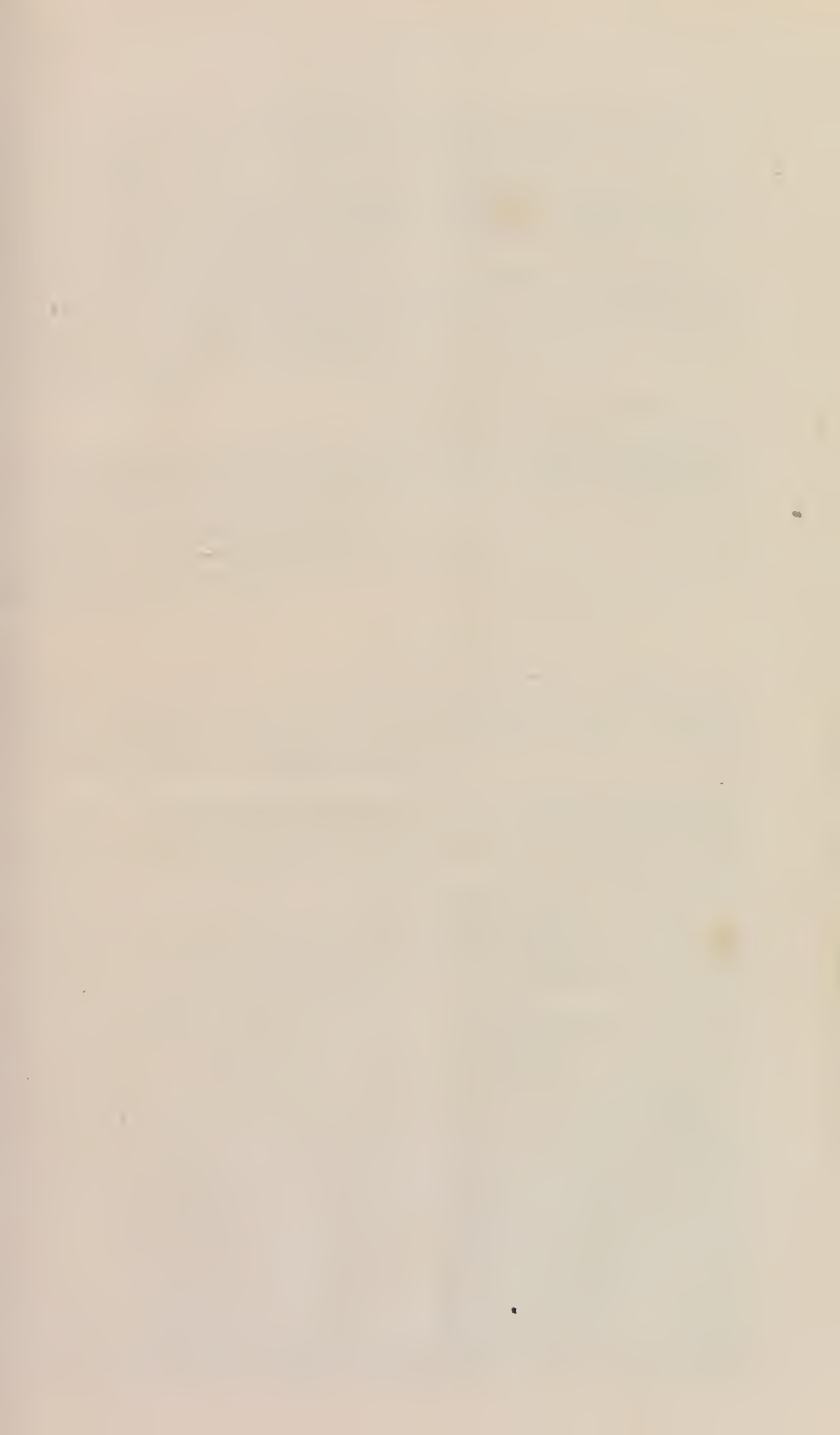
JEANNOT—Well, Jeannette, we are very near our last interview—so you must call up all your fortitude, my little heroine, and as you have proved yourself worthy of a soldier of the Imperial Army, you will not want that self command that you might lack at the first thought of parting?

JEANNETTE—No—you see, Jeannot, I do not weep; my voice falters not, though it will presently. For the last time pronounce that dreadful word farewell.

JACQUE—Hilloa! hilloa! surely this leave-taking wont make a coward of me again—I must keep thinking of that gunpowder sergeant—I ought constantly to smell brimstone and keep saltpetre in my pocket.

MARIAN—Well, Jacques, you do look rather pale and agitated, I must confess.

JACQUE—Lor bless you that's merely love sickness, nothing more. Ah! Henri and Duplisse, there you are, took leave of your sweethearts—



I suppose, and are now marching to meet the Emperor—so am I—I'm marching—don't I look as if I was marching to meet an Emperor?

HENRI—O yes—farewell my friends—good bye old acquaintances—Jeannot—Jacque—Pierre—we shall see you all in the field—good bye girls—and Jeannette, farewell.

JEANNETTE—Farewell, Henri; be happy, and if you can be kind to my dear Jeannot when away, O pray do so for—yes, for my sake. Henri—farewell—farewell Duplisse.

HENRI—Farewell, Jeannette—farewell—come Duplisse, we understand each other.

Exeunt HENRI and DUPLISSE, R.

JEANNETTE—Now, girls, we promised to go to the other side of the hill, and so forward with the best heart we can—with a resolution to say 'good bye' with fortitude, and then wave our last adieu as our lovers proceed through the valley.

JACQUE—Yes—come Marian, let me wave my last adieu while proceeding through a valley.

Exeunt OMNES, R.

SCENE 3.—*The Camp—soldiers bivouacking—Conscripts assembled—some in conversation round the fire—all in different groups. Sergeant Delorme, Henri, and Duplisse discovered.*

HENRI—Well, Sergeant Delorme, do you not think, now, 'spite of your tales of glory, that war is a bad cause, after all, and that people would soon put an end to it if they had the spirit to refuse to engage in it?

SERGEANT—In that case, my young Renegado, what would become of a country that was menaced by a foreign invader?

HENRI—Yes; but it is getting to be a general opinion that all this strife between nations might soon be put an end to if there was another method of settling national disputes.

SERG.—What! desert Belona. Aye, my young reasoner, forego the glory of promotion and the admiration of the world!

HENRI—Yes, Delorme, but I have heard sufficient to convince me that those only get exalted in rank who have interest, in themselves or their families, with those who have the power to bestow honours.

SERG.—Such, my budding Mars, used to be the case under the former rulers of France; but Napoleon acts upon wiser and nobler principles,—and those only, young man, can look for promotion who have deserved it by acts of bravery or good judgment in making an attack; and if proof is wanted it may be found in the commencement of his brilliant career, before Toulon, when he distinguished the two common soldiers for their bravery, and afterwards raised them to the highest military rank. One of these was Dural, and the other Junot, both of them since created peers of France; and their subsequent career of glory shows that our Emperor at once formed a just estimate of the men.

HENRI—But thousands never survive long enough to obtain reward however great their merit be.

SERG.—Have you made up your mind to be killed in battle, then?

HENRI—Nay; but I know the fearful peril all men encounter who take part in such scenes as we are about to enter upon.

SERG.—Psha! man, rather endure years of suffering than utter a word that would make you deserve the foul name of coward. This night you and your comrades leave this outpost for Toulon. Go, and may the God of Battles aid and direct our cause.

Enter JEANNOT and JACQUE.

Ah, my brave young companions in arms, welcome.

JACQUE—(*aside*)—I wish I was a companion—in arms, and then, perhaps, they would not want to arm me as a companion.

A trumpet sounds.

SERG.—But hark! the Emperor has arrived.

Music.—The Sergeant gives the word of command, all present arm as the Emperor, surrounded by his Staff, comes down, and, when in the centre, all cry—"Vive Napoleon."

NAPOLÉON—My brave soldiers and fellow comrades, I rejoice to meet you again in the field, with willing hearts to join me in the glorious struggle for independence. Decision and bravery, my countrymen, are the first attributes which lead to a noble and triumphant victory—one that may vie with others in which my brave people have gained glory and renown, and while such a result honours the soldier, it raises your country to that mighty greatness which is the envy and admiration of the world, and, at the same time, renders your sovereign happy in the government of such an heroic and loyal people.

OMNES—"Vive l'Empereur." Huzza!

NAP.—But how is this—tell me, are the orders from head-quarters so little regarded that the first thing on my arrival here is to find that a soldier has partially rendered himself incapable of service, if called upon suddenly, by an act of intemperance, which is strictly forbidden.

JEANNOT—(*Advancing, kneels*)—Pardon, sire, pardon a fault which I shall never cease to be ashamed of. I saw you yesterday, and longed to implore pardon of my beloved sovereign.

NAP.—How knew you I was your Emperor.

JEANNOT—Ah, your Majesty, how could I be mistaken in the person of our illustrious sovereign.

NAP.—One would imagine that you had been brought up for a courtier.

JEANNOT—And yet, sire, there is no other man in the world that I could bow my knee to.

NAP.—Your name!

JEANNOT—Jeannot, sire. I am a foundling, brought up by the kindness of a poor old man, who, unhappily for me, died when I was but six years of age, and all chance of discovering my parents has, I fear, died with him. I have since followed the occupation of a vine-dresser, till thus summoned to appear among the defenders of my country.

NAP.—You seem educated for a soldier: are you a willing one, or, like too many others, have you entered the army because compelled to do so by the act of conscription?

JEANNOT.—Must I tell the truth, sire?

NAP.—Certainly.

JEANNOT.—Then it must be confessed, that if I had been left to my own choice, I should have preferred the peaceful pursuit that I was brought up to. But when I was told that the Emperor required the services of all who are able to handle a sword or a gun, I willingly gave up my own inclination to follow the fortunes of my sovereign.

NAP.—You love your country, then?

JEANNOT.—So well, your majesty, that I am willing to shed the last drop of my blood in her service.

NAP.—Rise from your knee, young man, for your candour and noble feelings have already obtained my forgiveness. But tell me, are you in the habit of committing acts of intemperance?

JEANNOT.—I am not, sire; our Colonel here will inform your Majesty that no complaint has ever been made against me.

NAP.—I shall inquire particularly into that circumstance, and if your assertion is borne out, the single indiscretion will not interfere with your future advancement. But remember there must be no repetition of it, or you will lose the confidence of Napoleon.

JEANNOT.—Your Majesty has then forgiven my act of indiscretion?

NAP.—You have my full pardon, Jeannot; but make a firm resolution never again to be guilty of excess, either in drink or otherwise: act with prudence, and should your bravery in the field merit any favourable notice, depend upon it I shall not forget to reward it.

Napoleon retires.

HENRI.—Confound him! the next time he shall not escape quite so easily as he has just done. I shall not feel satisfied till I have had my revenge.

DUPLISSE.—If Jeannette should hear of your endeavour, and those secrets do travel very fast, she would never love you; and therefore I should advise you to look out for some other girl that has not already given her heart to a rival.

HENRI.—Never! I shall never rest satisfied till that girl is my wife, and I am revenged on my rival. [*They retire.*]

JEANNOT.—Well, Jacque, I am glad to see you so reconciled, and so happy in the present prospects.

JACQUE.—Yes; though present prospects are not very cheering—are they? Though, I daresay, if it was *only* a picture, I should look amazingly happy; but I am rather pleased with the Emperor, you must know, for I think he has acted very handsomely to you, and I must assure him that he may rely on my eternal friendship.

NAP.—Now, my brave comrades, all is prepared for our march, let the trumpet sound throughout the ranks.

(The trumpet sounds—is answered fainter and fainter.)

Now, soldiers, hoist the warlike standard, and swear beneath the shadowing wings of the Black Eagle, that you would sooner die than a feather that guards your country should be ruffled, or that the Lily

of France should be despoiled of its virgin purity! Onwards, for the glory and the liberty of France!

OMNES.—Vive l'Empereur! Huzza!

· PICTURE—*The Standard in the centre, the Emperor standing under it, pointing—all in attitude of commencing departure, as the curtain falls, to a grand flourish of trumpets.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of Jeannette's Cottage, Jeannette enters with a letter.*

JEANNETTE.—Well, now, only to think that but sixteen months have elapsed since my poor Jeannot went away to the wars! Why, it looks to me more like years than months! and so I told dear mother, and insisted it must be a *year* and sixteen months; but her never failing almanack satisfied all doubts. *Sixteen months this very day* since I bid good bye to Jeannot! O dear, what a very long time sixteen months seems, to be sure; and yet I remember when time used to run away very briskly—aye, a great deal too quickly—but that was when my dear Jeannot was with me. Here is his last kind letter (*kisses it*), wherein he speaks of *skirmishes*, and *breaches*, and *marches*, and *counter-marches*, and *storming*, and *cannonading*, and *attacking*, and *bivouacking*, and relates such hair-breadth 'scapes, that it quite makes me tremble—says “his beloved Emperor has noticed him, and promised him promotion;” and here he says, “*yours only, sacred as our vow of love, Jeannot Marcel.*” O let me kiss his dear name—the vows too of childhood shall never be forgotten by me.

SONG.

“*I pray thee, love, remember.*” (Hamlet.)

(The words of this song are written by Mr W. H. Eburne.)

I pray thee, love, remember when I pledged an early vow,
Which in childhood might be pastime, is ripened fondness now;
A girl I've laughed, though pleased to find my heart but imaged you,
It bore a passion which exists, and will through life be true.

I pray thee, love, remember too, when forced from me to part,
How oft I'd count each kindly thought you planted in my heart;
Each look, each wish, our country walks, the little broken coin,
Which, like the silv'ry token now, can match with only one.

I pray thee, love, remember—but thou never canst forget—
But still 'tis sweet to feel and know each young heart's hope lives yet;
My early vows are twined with flowers which evergreens enwreath,
A holy leaf which changeless lives, maintains its tint till death.

Madame Lejeune enters.

MADAME.—Well, Jeannette, better news than ever—the army and the Emperor are expected home sooner than we supposed it possible.

JEANNETTE.—O, mother, you make me so happy—so very, very happy!

MAD. L.—Yes, it was said that three months since the Emperor was prosecuting his plans against Prussia, where haughty Blücher held his sway, with ardour and decision, and that before many weeks the world would see another of its haughty rulers yield to the bravery of Napoleon. He had converted one large army into several small ones, attacked the enemy successfully, and beaten them. Thus we see, my child, that men of genius have less to do than others, because they untwist the rope into threads before they attempt to break it.

JEANNETTE.—Ah! now don't those words sound smoothly enough, and yet what ruin and misery our wars have brought upon many that we know. Now, mother, I think that universal peace would be found much more advantageous for the happiness of mankind.

MAD. L.—Yes, my dear, I have no doubt of it; but, unfortunately, you see it is a characteristic of our nation; and while our people are restless among themselves, Napoleon can find safety only in employing them to settle the disputes with foreign nations.

JEANNETTE.—Poor Jeannot writes, in his last letter, that in a few months, perhaps weeks, he may be here; that the army had long since passed the German frontier, and that some of his comrades, from sickness or wounds, were about to return to their homes. And Marian is dying to see her faithful Jacques Pontin, poor fellow. In his last letter to her he relates all his misfortunes, and says they would not make him a drummer because he was too fat, and that for the first three or four weeks he got dreadfully kicked by getting out of the step, and that another time he put the whole body in disorder, and was twisted and twirled from one to the other till he was right out of the regiment, and then he found himself with his back on the ground, with all the soldiers swearing and laughing at him. Poor Pontin! He adds that he thinks fighting is dangerous after all.

(A knock is heard at the door.)

MAD. L. *(looking through window)* I declare an old soldier, seemingly returned from the present campaign.

JEANNETTE.—O, pray open the door, dear mother, perhaps I may hear some tidings of my poor Jeannot.

(Madame le Jeune opens the door—Sergeant Delorme enters, worn out with travel and fatigue.)

MAD. L.—Pray come in; you are a stranger, but as an old soldier you are heartily welcome.

(Puts a chair, and places refreshments on table.)

SERG. DELORME.—Thank you, good dame, thank you. This is exactly the sort of kindness I expected to meet with in the village of —

JEANNETTE.—Have you just left the invading army?

SERG.—Aye, my little country Venus, I've been fighting with some of the brave lads who were draughted from this village, where we have had to traverse a country intersected with thickets, marshes, drains, ditches, and impediments of every kind. The weather at one

time was appalling, and but for the exertions of the Mayor of Barbonne, who collected as many as 500 horses to drag out the guns, they must have all been abandoned. The Emperor accomplished his forced march on the 10th of February, and the flank of the Silesian army was consequently placed at his mercy. Aye, aye, that was a very fine feat of arms. Some of the poor fellows will never return again.

JEANNETTE.—O dear, I dread to ask.

SERG.—Napoleon then fell upon the central division of Alsusieff, at Champ Aubert. So sudden and so impetuous was the attack, that the enemy were confounded. He surrounded, defeated, and totally dispersed them, taking their artillery, and 2500 prisoners; while the remainder of that fine division, which an hour or two before had exulted in the hopes of first reaching the capital of the mighty conqueror, now fled for their lives into the woods, with the bayonets of the Old Guard and the long lances of the Poles pricking their sides. This expedition of the Marne will be regarded as one of Napoleon's great military exploits, for a flank march, undertaken through so difficult a country, and in the event so completely successful, is perhaps without a parallel in the history of warfare.

JEANNETTE.—O, sir, tell me, pray, do you happen to know one Jeannot Marcel?—is he safe?—is he well?

SERG.—Jeannot Marcel?—know him? Ay, I know him well; a brave heart and a dashing spirit. The Emperor has noticed that lad's courage too; why, 'twas there he saved my life. In storming one of the outposts, where I heard afterwards he was the first to plant the standard of his country, I was left with three of my comrades fighting hand to hand with a body of Prussians, amidst the thickest of the battle; suddenly some new emergency called them off in another direction, and left me struggling with a couple of the enemy, armed to the teeth—two of my comrades had fallen, and one disabled. In the close and fierce engagement my blade had just snapt in two; and after receiving this wound upon my sword arm, the weapon of one of my opponents was raised to cleave my head in twain: at that moment Jeannot, hot and jaded in his toil, reeling with the fury of the war, came up and shot my adversary dead; then thrusting me in the same instant to the ground, he drew his sword and fought across my body. I beheld him advance in deadly combat upon his foe, but loss of blood made my eyes grow dim, and the next thing I saw was Jeannot tending me on a litter, bathing my head, and binding up my wound. I lay in the hospital for some days, and then got leave to make the best of my way home, to rest awhile, in order that I might return to head-quarters with health and strength enough to do still further service to my country—first promising Jeannot that, if possible, I would seek out Madame Lejenne's cottage, and bear to her and to her daughter his blessing.

JEANNETTE.—O, brave Jeannot, how happy I ought to be, and yet how sorrowful that he should have to encounter such dangers.

SERG.—Dangers! Mam'selle. What would military life be unless there was danger attached to it? Why, our beloved Emperor shares in it all, and his own safety was in peril during the melee. Men were killed by his side; and as the fiery savages cleaved them down, he

was obliged to draw his own sword in his defence. This was at Brienne, where he was once a schoolboy, and where he acquired his skill in military arts. Why, in the course of the action, Napoleon returned to his old profession of an artilleryman, and pointed several guns himself, to the great delight of the soldiers. They trembled, however, when the fire first attracted the attention of the enemy, whose balls began to be aimed at the French battery. "Fear not, my children," said the undaunted hero, ridiculing their apprehensions; "the ball is not east that is to kill me." Danger, indeed! Why, I have been a soldier from boyhood, and no part of my time has ever been so dull as when there was no enemy to fight against. No, peace is all very well for women and children, but not for such as Pierre Delorme, who enlisted, though with the loss of all he held dear on earth, for the purpose of serving his country, and not to receive pay for doing nothing at all.

JEANNETTE.—O dear, what a terrible life you soldiers do lead, to be sure!

SERG.—Aye, Mam'selle. I began to smell gunpowder very early, for I enlisted as a defender of my country at the age of nineteen, after I had been married about six months. Poor Marie, my young wife, she died. I left in hope, and cheered on by the prospect of glory if I won it, and promotion if I should deserve it, that would make my wife the happier. I returned from a brief campaign—I returned to find my home a desert, and my peace in ruins.

MAD. L.—Why, how so, master sergeant?

SERG.—My young wife hearing, by some mischance, that I had perished in the field, fled from her simple home, taking her young infant—a boy—in her arms, to journey in discovering the truth of the assertion. I traced her from place to place, and heard of her haggard looks and weariness with a sorrowful and breaking heart; and though my search was carried on for months, ay, even years, I have never discovered the destiny of my darling wife, whom I have too much reason to fear perished with her darling child. From that time I became reckless in my career. The chance of war alone can quell the agony of mind I sometimes feel (*weeps.*) But I tire you, Mam'selle; and so you're the daughter, are you, of Madame Lejeune?

JEANNETTE.—Yes, I'm Jeannette Lejeune, and Jeannot Marcel—he—

SERG.—Ah! I suppose he's your sweetheart.

JEANNETTE.—Wlty, yes, sir.

SERG.—Well, then, he's a very fortunate young dog to have enlisted so pretty a lass under his colours, and you may soon see him, for the chances of war may allow him to return sooner than he expects. He may be on his way home by this time, for 'tis some weeks now since I left the camp, and I have not been in the exact track where I could peruse the Gazette.

JEANNETTE.—O heaven grant him a speedy and a safe return, and when I do see him I'll try and persuade him that it can't be right to sacrifice the lives of thousands of men that feel no interest in the quarrel.

MAD. L.—That's a question, my dear, that we had much better not

argue, for neither of us understand it, and you see us little people have nothing to do but to yield to the will of the great ones.

SERG.—And in many instances we ought to do so; for, as no nation can do without a head of some kind, the people must obey the laws so long as they're not absolutely bad; not that I am going to excuse tyranny, for when once people begin to feel they are oppressed it's high time to relieve themselves by all fair and honourable means.

MAD. L.—But not by such scenes of bloodshed as were witnessed in our late revolution.

SERG.—Ay, Madame, now you are speaking upon a subject that I know something about, for it so happened that I was at the taking of the Bastille, and have fought ever since in the sacred cause of liberty; we therefore owe a heavy debt of gratitude to Napoleon, who, finding our country in the midst of misery, has raised it to be among the first in the world.

MAD. L.—Come, good Master Sergeant, you need repose, enter that apartment and rest yourself for a time.

JEANNETTE—Ay, do, Monsieur, and then come and tell me some more tales of the bravery of my dear Jeannot, for, though I tremble, I do so love to hear them.

SERG.—I thank you, Mam'selle, but I feel refreshed already. You are a good girl, and worthy the heart of a brave soldier; but we shall never have an end of war till we have taught foreign nations to respect as well as to fear us. I am grateful for your kind assistance, and will now stroll through the village, for I have other commissions, and perhaps I may hear some news from head-quarters; then, Mam'selle, I'll return and fight my battles o'er again. *Vive la Guerre, Mesdames—vive la Guerre.*

Exit SERGEANT at door.

JEANNETTE—Well, mother, what do you think of Jeannot now? Is he not a good lad, and were we not right to dismiss all ill thoughts of him when we received those anonymous letters, saying that he was making love to some of the pretty girls at Toulon; and though gallantry in a soldier is proverbial, though they may break as many hearts as they can, and no one thinks any the worse of them for it, still, Jeannot—bless his dear heart—I am sure would not forget Jeannette.

MARIAN enters at door.

MARIAN—Ah, Jeannette. Oh, such news—I have just heard that by this time the wars must be quite over, as some of the conscripts have returned to visit their homes; and here's Henri, who came back this morning, slightly wounded, wishes to see you so much—he says he has something particular to say to you.

HENRI enters.

HENRI—Well, Jeannette, I am returned you see. Madame I salute you.

JEANNETTE—Oh, yes, Henri, and I'm so happy—home safe from the war. I hope we may now soon expect Jeannot, then I shall be truly happy. Oh, Henri forgive me, but I am so impatient. Do, pray,

tell me all in a breath—is he well?—is he happy?—how does he look?—what has he done?—where has he been?—is he promoted?—is he coming home?—and is he as handsome as ever? Do now, pray tell me all in a breath, and please don't stop a moment.

HENRI—You must know that I left the army three months since, and have passed most of that time in the hospital, at Brienne; but I can assure you that Napoleon did notice him.

JEANNETTE—Well—yes, was it to make an Emperor of him?

HENRI—I am sorry to say that I hear Jeannot has broken through some regulations in the army, and incurred the displeasure of his sovereign.

JEANNETTE—Oh, no, it can't be. Henri, you don't mean that. Oh, no, you were mis-informed—my Jeannot do anything wrong (*archly.*) (*Aside*)—Oh, I won't believe it.

HENRI—He has, of late, been growing more wild in his way of life; and report says that he has almost forgotten his love, amidst the more exciting scenes of a military career.

JEANNETTE—(*aside*)—No, I won't believe him yet.

HENRI—I hear, poor fellow—and it pains me to tell you, Jeannette—that he is doubly culpable. He has been guilty of two offences, one—gaming, against the regulations of the army, and the other, drawing his sword against the man he had been playing with; in which case the Emperor never pardons, for the discipline of the army must be kept perfect, or the glory of our arms would soon be tarnished.

JEANNETTE—(*aside*)—No, I will not believe it. (*Turning to Henri*)—No, sir, the report must proceed from some villain who has bad motives of his own to carry on. I have received letters, telling me something like this, and mysteriously hinting at bad reports; but I scorned them as I did the writer, whoever he is, who professes the greatest friendship for the man he acts the spy upon; and who, as an excuse for his conduct, assures me that he is urged only by a feeling of indignation against the treachery from which I am like to suffer so severely; but let me tell you, sir, if my unknown correspondent had been urged by an honourable motive, he would not have concealed his name, but placed it side by side, as honest, sacred truth.

MAD. L.—If it be true, even, that Jeannot has been indiscreet, he must have been led on by some crafty villain, who may have sought his destruction for purposes of his own.

MARIAN—Oh, yes, I'm sure of it, he never could have been guilty, at least so long as he was free from the temptations of those who exult in what ever mischief they do.

HENRI—And whom do you suspect?

JEANNETTE—You, sir, you!

HENRI—(*trying to conceal his guilt*)—Nay, this suspicion is unworthy of you; for I never remember expressing any ill feeling against your betrothed, nor do I regard him with jealousy, though, it must be confessed, I did at one time hope to have possessed that place in your affections that, it seems, he is so fortunate as to occupy. You have, however, rejected me; and, with the best grace I could command, I have endeavoured to appear resigned to the doom your lips had pronounced.

JEANNETTE—And can you, Henri, declare with a good conscience that you have never resolved in your heart to be revenged for the preference that may have been bestowed upon Jeannot.

HENRI—I see how it is, some enemy has been whispering things to my prejudice, and you may have believed the evil reports against me.

JEANNETTE—So far from that being the case, I never heard that you had any enemies.

MARIAN—Pray leave us, Henri. Jeannette is my cousin, and my dear friend; and I will see that neither you nor anybody else shall either molest or intimidate her.

JEANNETTE—Oh, don't fear for me, Marian, I feel very courageous just now.

MARIAN—I am of opinion, Sir, that your visit here at this time would have been much better omitted.

HENRI—That's the way a worthy person's intentions are often mistaken. I have told her what is true, and what to expect, though it appears that you are resolved to believe that I came only to serve some bad purpose of my own.

Enter JACQUE from the door, as just returned from the wars.

JACQUE—(Coming down, C.)—And so you have, you unworthy scoundrel.

MARIAN—Jacque Pontin!

JACQUE—Marian Blanc.—(They embrace.)—Oh, how happy I am to see you again; and Jeannette, too. Cheer up my young heart; and as for this lout, I'll blow him to the devil if he dares to say anything against Jeannot.

HENRI—What do you mean?

JACQUE—Why, to speak the truth, I have been a minute or two at the door, which, fortunately, happened to be open, and couldn't help overhearing some of your eloquence.

HENRI—Listeners are sometimes apt to hear a few good hard truths against themselves, and it should have been so in your case if I had thought that you could be mean enough to play the eaves-dropper, my pot-valiant comrade.

JACQUE—Come, sir, no names—(menaces).

MARIAN—Pray, Jacque.

JACQUE—Oh, never mind me. Let him beware. I've a few more bombshells in my composition than when I left. Shame, sir—it is unworthy of the coat you wear to try and practise deception upon a poor and helpless girl. Bravo, Jacque, keep up your heart and you may be a hero yet.

HENRI—Then relate the affair in your own way, and perhaps she'll believe you.

Exit HENRI at door.

JACQUE—(Bawling after him)—Take care you don't break your neck; and now let me say, how are you all again? Oh, I am so happy to see you again, Madame Lejeune, and Jeannette, and Marian too. Ah, Marian, what do you think of this, do you think I'm a pattern now? And how is Aunt Merville?—and your aunt too?—and all my

companions?—and how am I?—and what shall we do?—and what o'clock is it?—and—Oh, I'm so happy.

JEANNETTE—But, Jacque, tell me what you may know of Jeannot.

JACQUE—Oh, why, you may expect him home shortly. Such promotion—such honours in store. I think the campaign's ended for the present; and Napoleon, assisted by his brave soldiers, is returning again triumphant. Yes, Marian, assisted by his brave soldiers; and—look at me—I'm one of them.

MARIAN—Well, we will leave Jeannette and her mother for the present, and come and see them again in the evening.

JACQUE—Farewell my brave companions—my tiger-hearted individuals—a soldier, a soldier! says farewell!—Farewell till the trumpet calls us again to arms—(*embraces MARIAN.*) Now, Marian, hoist your flag, cry forward, and then do it.

[*Exit JACQUE and MARIAN.*]

JEANNETTE—Well, now, mother, isn't all this cheering—the news of my dear Jeannot; and to think, too, that Henri should so have demeaned himself as to try to raise foul reports against Jeannot's honour and integrity; but he says it is now three months since he saw Jeannot, nor has Jacque seen him for nearly that time, and his last letter is dated near two months since, so that I am more anxious than ever to know his destiny, and fear that these reports of his rapid promotion must have been purchased at the imminent peril of his life in great emergencies.

MAD. L.—Well, we'll pray for his safety, and cherish bright hopes for his advancement. Indeed, Napoleon rewards any act of bravery that is brought under his notice; for, had it not been for the gallantry of his troops, Napoleon would still have been but a poor lieutenant of artillery, as he was when the siege of Toulon first brought him into notice. Till then he was thought no more of than poor Jeannot; but, you see, a few years have served to make him the greatest monarch in the world.

JEANNETTE—Aye, and what a brave old soldier that Sergeant is. I am sure Jeannot will be pleased to see him here, if he should return. Do, mother, look out and see if you can discover any signs of Jeannot.

MAD. L.—I'll go part of the way on the road, and should I be so fortunate as to meet him, I'll hasten to the Cottage de Roseville.

[*Exit MADAME LEJEUNE.*]

JEANNETTE—Ah, do mother. Now, how shall I fill up my time—I'll read his dear letter over again, though I know it by heart, and could say every word without looking at it. No; I'll sit and look at the little broken coin that I have worn since his departure. No; I must finish the knitting for poor mother. No; I must tidy the room to be smart when she returns; and—Oh, I should do a thousand things, but I can't—I can only think of Jeannot.

JEANNOT—(*Speaking without*)—Is she in the cottage?

JEANNETTE—That's his voice—yes, 'tis he!

(JEANNOT *enters, dressed as a Captain.*)

JEANNOT—Jeannette!

JEANNETTE—Jeannot!—(*They embrace.*)

JEANNOT—Oh, transport! After the toils and cares of war. Welcome, welcome to these arms.

JEANNETTE—Oh, dear, Oh, dear, I can scarcely believe my eyes—is it true?—and do I see you again?—and are you perfect?—and all your legs, and your arms, and your head?—Oh, dear, Oh, dear—(*Embraces him.*)

JEANNOT—Yes, Jeannette, I have been fortunate by the sudden chances of war to rise rapidly from one rank to another, till I am now a Captain. I have every reason to suppose that I am high in the favour of Napoleon. We only arrived at Toloun last evening, and my first duty is to you. I have ventured to tell the Emperor all the story of my love, who says that I am to bring you with me to the camp that I may present you to your sovereign.

JEANNETTE—Oh, Jeannot, I shall never have courage.

JEANNOT—Come, Jeannette, cheer up, and share in the successes of the soldier but new returned from war.

DUET—"THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."

Words by C. Jeffreys.

Music by Charles William Glover.

Jeannot.

From the field of fight returning, with a soldier's fame I come,
At your feet to lay my laurels, and to share with you my home.
Dear Jeannette, the day we parted, how the tears from both did pour;
Now we glad can sing together—"Vive la Guerre," and "Vive
l'Amour."

Jeannette.

Oh, Jeannot, the danger's over, all the fears we had are fled,
And we now can laugh, while meeting, at the parting tears we shed;
But suppose, now, that to-morrow they should beat the drums for
war,
Should I weep, or sing, at parting—"Vive la Guerre," and "Vive
l'Amour."

Jeannot.

Why not sing, Jeannette—in glory I might soon return again.

Jeannette.

I should weep, because in glory you might soon, perhaps, be slain.

Jeannot.

But when honour waits the hero who survives the battle fray.

Jeannette.

Yes, a deathless wreath of laurel, and, perhaps—(*archly*)—seven sous
a day.

Jeannot.

But to win a name in story, that would never know decay.

Jeannette.

What is fame, when he who won it cannot hear what people say.

Both.

Jeannette—Yes, tell me what is fame, Jeannot.

Jeannot—Jeannette, Jeannette, Ah, talk not so.

Both.

Let us argue no more, but be merry,
Be merry, and argue no more;
And while you sing of war, Oh, forget not
To join in my "Vive-Vive l'Amour."

[*Exeunt JEANNETTE and JEANNOT.*]

SCENE 2.—*A rural scene. Range of Frontier country. Military Fort in the distance.*

(*Enter HENRI.*)

HENRI—Confusion! I feel irresolute whether to turn away, or to remain still, to try my chance. Why is it that I love where I meet with such disdain. This village, though my home—my birthplace—becomes hateful to me, for the beauty of it, which I worship, is denied me, and all the rest is but a blank and cheerless prospect. Like a thief, I have tried to steal the prize that I have worshipped, and I am justly served.

(*Enter JACQUE.*)

JACQUE—Well, Master Henri, an't you ashamed of yourself. What do you think the Emperor would say if he heard that you had been practising deceit against a soldier of the Imperial army—aye, sir, to which I belong. I begin almost to think that this may be a personal affront, and I must therefore stick up for the honour of the military profession.

HENRI—Jaquet, I was wrong; but I love Jeannette, and have thought of many plans to obtain her; and 'twas but desperation that urged me to deception.

JACQUE—Well, sir, if you apologize in that very handsome manner, I suppose I must extend the pardon of the army. (*Half aside*)—But you are a bit of a scoundrel.

HENRI—(*Fiercely*)—What's that you say, sir?

JACQUE—Eh? Oh, I said *wonderful*! Yes, you are a wonderful fellow, and I pardon you. We may be friends again. (*Aside*)—I should like to kick him.

HENRI—Fool! But why should I stay to be made ridiculous by this bombastic cur. Never mention this subject again, sir; and so farewell.

[HENRI *exits*.]

JACQUE—O yes, I dare say. Do you think I'm going to bring such depravity into the interstices of my manly bosom? No: I feel my spirit rise within me, and prompting me to say—*(in a whisper after him)*—I don't care that for you!—pooh! *(Aloud)* Do I—very well sir.

(Enter Mons. Armand and Marian.)

MARIAN—Well, Jacque, I have not been long, have I? But Monsieur Armand has found some more papers left in the cottage of poor old Marcel relative to Jeannot, who, when an orphan, was entrusted to his care. Poor Marcel, it was a pity he died so suddenly, or Jeannot, now he is grown up to be a man, might have discovered his parentage.

MONS. A.—Here is a document, much worn, and written apparently in great emotion; and there is mention of a poor mother—young—worn with hunger and fatigue—an infant but a few months old, and then follows—sickness—insensible—death—the child lives; and here a note—“if providence grant me life, I will rear the little innocent as if it were my own.”

MARIAN—Good old man! but as it is only lately you have thought of unfolding the documents, which came by chance into your possession, thinking some owner may possibly spring up, you may, perhaps, discover more intelligence.

MONS. A.—True; and as I hear that Jeannot has already arrived, I will at once make a minute search of all I have, and perhaps I may find something more closely relating to him and to his family.

MARIAN—Do, Monsieur Armand; and as to-morrow is to be, I hear, their wedding day, perhaps you may impart some good tidings to them, and render their happiness complete.

MONS. A.—Farewell, my friends; since you have urged me so zealously, I will set about my search at once, though I have but little hopes of realizing your expectations.

(Exit Monsieur Armand.)

JACQUE—And so Jeannette and Jeannot are to be married to-morrow! Eh! to-morrow! La! what a flutter he must be in, poor fellow! I've often heard him wonder if his father was a soldier. When do you think of getting married, Marian?

MARIAN—O, not these twenty years.

JACQUE—Dear me, so soon as that, eh? what a pity you're not a lovely creature!

MARIAN—Sir?

JACQUE—I mean, to have half or all the village running mad for you, and walking about with straws in their hair, and writing poetry, and swearing you're a Venus or Apollo, by Jupiter! and declaring your eyes to be the suns that paint the roses, and all that sort of lunatic madness. Then, Marian, there'd be some inducement to get married, to be rid of such a bother. Lovers are a bother—an't they, Marian?

MARIAN—No, sir; I like them very much—all except you—they're very nice fellows; and let me tell you, since you've been away, I might have married twenty times over, and might had twenty lovers—yes, perhaps thirty lovers, sir. *(Crosses.)*

JACQUE—Aye, or perhaps thirty and a boy. La! I think I'd better pop the ultimatum at once. Dearest of Hymens! loveliest of Plutos! and most magnificent of Venuses! here, on my knee, I generously offer up myself, to be taken care of by you for the rest of my life!

MARIAN—Psha! indeed it's you that'd have to take care of me all my life.

JACQUE—Exactly so; to be sure we'd take care of each other—a sort of mutual protection society—and let me see the enemy that should dare to bear down upon this pleasant little citadel, and wouldn't I attack him in the rear—charge!—and I'd soon make a breach in his battlements.

MARIAN—No, sir, I cannot permit the escort.

JACQUE—Then I'll take you a prisoner, by the rights of love, and the ransom shall be your little heart in exchange for mine, which is beating now like a cannon ball, and is as large as a bombshell.

MARIAN—I surrender! the citadel has yielded, and I am your prisoner for life.

JACQUE—Say you so? Then tuck yourself under my banner (*puts his cap on Marian's head*), and put your sword-arm under my left wing (*takes her arm*), and thus, doubly equipped, we'll call Hymen to our aid, and (*draws his sword*) fight our way to the bowers of blissful incarceration! (*Exit Marian and Jacque.*)

SCENE III—*The Cottage of Jeannette, as before.*

Madame Lejeune enters, attired to attend the Wedding.

MAD. L.—Well, I'm sure I ought to be happy, now that my daughter is to be married to one she has loved since she was a little thing so high; and I'm to be the mother to young Jeannot, whom I ought to be proud of, for the soldiers all speak so highly of him and of his bravery, that he is certain of promotion, and every one does so love a brave soldier.

Jeannette enters from inner room, dressed for the wedding.

JEANNETTE—Well, mother, here I am, all ready, and am really going to be married; and oh!—I declare, well this is beautiful—to Jeannot too, who loved me so dearly—he does love me dearly, don't he, mother?—and whom I love so dearly, and whom you love so dearly, and whom every one must love very, very dearly. When do we go to church, mother? and what time did Jeannot say he'd come? and isn't he to introduce his young wife (that's me) to the Emperor? and I'm to be Madame Jeannot.

MAD. L.—Yes, my dear.

JANNETTE—O don't tell me, for I know all myself, and have asked myself the same questions fifty times. Introduced to the Emperor, too! (*imitates*) “Approach, Madame, and kneel to your sovereign,” (*curtseys*) “you're the wife of Jeannot Marcel?” “Y—e—e—s, S ———ir—that is, your—Majesty.” “Well, then, you are the wife of a noble fellow, and I shall reward him by ——” O dear, I can go no further; but, mother, how shall I deport myself?

MAD. L.—O never fear, my dear, the truly great never embarrass us half so much as those who only assume their grandeur.

JEANNETTE—Spoken like a soldier's mother-in-law; and now you must escort the villagers here, who are to accompany us to church, for I'm sure Jeannot will be punctual.

MAD. L.—Aye, aye, child; O the merry days of love and war!

Madame Lejeune exits.

JEANNETTE—O dear, love and war! I'm sure, if all loved as I do, there'd be an end of war; but he can't think of going away when he's married. I must certainly get sufficient courage to ask the Emperor that very important question; and surely, if he's as gallant as he's brave, he won't refuse me; for suppose he was to go away like as that old sergeant did, and—O dear—O dear—

Henri enters.

HENRI—Jeannette, once more, let me entreat of you to hear me.

JEANNETTE—O dear, dear, he here again! Where can Jeannot be?

HENRI—Jeannot is false to you, and were he here at this moment—

(Jeannot enters suddenly.)

JEANNOT—Well, sir, what then?

HENRI—Confound him, ever on my track!

JEANNOT—I have heard of your schemes, sir. Jeannette, do you wish the presence of this man?

JEANNETTE—Me? O dear, no; I don't like him at all.

HENRI—Why, your wish was—

JEANNOT—Begone, sir; leave this house. The man who would assail a timid girl, and try to corrupt her heart, is unworthy the name of man, much less a soldier. For shame, sir! Begone.

Exit Henri.

JEANNETTE—O, I'm so very happy, now you've come!

JEANNOT—Yes, Jeannette, and we'll never part again. So many kind friends wished me so many kind things, and then old neighbours gave me their blessings as I passed, that inspired me with such sweet thoughts, and makes me feel more deeply what a sweet and holy tie is matrimony, and that love is the purest and sweetest blessing bequeathed by kind heaven to mankind.

JEANNETTE—O, yes; the love of each must make us love heaven the more; and thus it is we find out charms in simplest things, if they should please the object that we tenderly regard; and love of nature makes us love mankind more dearly.

(The bells are heard ringing gently.)

JEANNOT—Charming Jeannette! more beautiful because the more beloved! hark the wedding bells ring out to welcome back the rover.

Song—JEANNOT.

THE SOLDIER'S WEDDING.

Written by Charles Jeffreys.—Composed by Charles Wm. Glover.

Give me your hand, my own Jeannette,
The wars at length are over,

And merry are the wedding bells
 That welcome back the rover.
 The song of peace is on our hills,
 And all is cheerful labour,
 Where late we heard the din of strife,
 The war-pipe and the tabor.
 Good omens bless this happy day,
 The sun's bright rays are shedding
 Their loving light of hope and joy
 Upon the soldier's wedding.

Rich fields of moving corn are seen
 Where hostile flags were streaming,
 And where the sword was flashing, now
 The sickle bright is gleaming.
 Lie still, ye brawling hounds of war,
 Let peace our hearts enlighten;
 Rest, sword, and rust within your sheath,
 But let the ploughshare brighten.
 Good omens bless this happy day,
 The sun's bright rays are shedding
 Their loving light of hope and joy
 Upon the soldier's wedding.

Male and female Villagers enter—The bells, which accompany the song ring louder—Villagers bear wreaths of flowers, and are all dressed in white to attend the wedding—Madame Lejeune, Sergeant Delorme, Jaque, Marian, Duplisse, young soldiers, &c., Monsieur Armand.

SERG. DELORME—What, my brave Jeannot, my preserver, welcome to your native village—an old soldier's blessing on you, and upon your young and blushing bride.

JEANNOT—Thank you, Delorme. Long life, my friends, to an old soldier, whose friendship I am proud of. Ah! my fair demoiselle, welcome, Marguerette, ma belle, Ernestine, ma petite Blanche—Robert, Bertrand—all old companions, I rejoice to see you (*shakes hands, and kisses the hands of the ladies*); and Monsieur Armand, my tutor and my guide, I hail with joy your presence at this festival.

MONS. A.—Jeannot, I am proud to meet you, and to think the conscript's early vow will be accomplished. I hear that your Emperor will hold his court at the outskirts, near the military fort yonder, for a day or two.

SERG.—Then I shall see my beloved Emperor again.

MAD. L.—Well, we are all prepared, and the time has arrived, the ceremony must not wait.

JEANNOT—Allons, my friends. Well, my old comrade, Jacques Pontin, you'll come with us—you mean, of course, to honour us with your countenance?

JACQUE—O yes, though it has sometimes been called a d——d ugly one. Aye—O, I beg pardon—yes, I'm going, and Marian too, and

as marriage is a sort of epidemic complaint, we may, perhaps, invite you to a similar warlike achievement.

MARIAN—Jacque!

JACQUE—Oh, bless you, they like it; and, I daresay, have all got little cupids in their pockets who are ready to shoot the first poor devil they may take a fancy to.

JEANNOT—Marian, your hand—Jacque, yours. I give you joy.

JACQUE—Well, I think some of it ought to be given to a poor devil like me.

MARIAN—Oh, thank you, Jeannot; and bless you and Jeannette, for I'm sure you deserve every kind wish I could think of for your constancy and your good heart.

SERG.—Amen, my fair beauty of the vineyard. Jeannot, I shall follow in the train of the invincibles.

JEANNOT—Ay, do, old friend.

MAD. L.—Then you shall lead the way.

SERG.—Ay. Vive la Guerre, Mademoiselles.

JEANNOT—And Vive l'Amour.

Music—the symphony of song, with bells—merry as the scene changes—which dies away gradually as they all exit—first, JEANNETTE and JEANNOT, after them the SERGEANT and MADAME LEJEUNE, then JACQUE and MARIAN, and the rest of the villagers, bearing the wreaths.

SCENE 4.—*Last scene.—The Camp. NAPOLEON discovered seated. Field-M Marshals. GENERAL JOURDAIN, COLONEL SURRENNE, MARSHAL VICTOR and staff.*

NAP.—Well, my brave friends, thanks to our courageous troops, we are again triumphant. Our men have fought bravely, while some have distinguished themselves far above my expectations. The Parisians, too, have had the actual proofs that their Emperor had been victorious. Long columns of prisoners have moved through their streets—banners were displayed—the cannons thundered—the press replied, and all joined in extolling and magnifying the dangers which the citizens had escaped. At the same time, where I am dissatisfied I must reproach those who, by negligence or want of energy, have entirely thwarted me at different periods of the war. Montbrun deserved that censure. Diglon, too, for the scarcity of ammunition with which the artillery was served; and Marshal Victor, too—is Marshal Victor in the presence?

MAR. V.—So please your highness, I am here.

NAP.—Marshal Victor, I regret to have it to say of an old soldier, but I am greatly incensed that you did not attack Montereau the day before the action, when it was unprovided for resistance.

MAR. V.—Oh, sire, how shall I stem the torrent of your reproaches?

NAP.—I am sorry, sir; but the strict discipline of my army must be maintained by decision; the more so, that you are a very distinguished soldier.

MAR. V.—I have received wounds—have bled in the cause of my country. Do not banish me now, when I may be, perhaps, in broken health from long service.

NAP.—You have a love of repose, and, no doubt, require it. The best bed which the quarters afford must now be brought out for the once indefatigable Victor.

MAR. V.—Sire, I feel most acutely that the charge may be within the bounds of truth, for I have fought ever nearest your person. But, sire, I will not consent to quit the service. I have not forgotten my original trade. I will take a musket. Victor will become a private in the Guard!

NAP.—(*Aside*)—This mark of attachment is too manifest to be resisted; I must subdue my excited feelings. (*Holding out his hand*)—I cannot restore you to your branch of the army, which I have given to Girard; but I will place you at the head of two divisions of the Guard. Go, assume your command, and let us say no more about it.

MARSHAL VICTOR *retires*.

NAP.—And now, Colonel Surrenne, you have the list of names who have deserved promotion?

COL. S.—Here, sire. Some you have already rewarded, and others remain to receive that high honour from your hands.

NAP.—Poor fellows, if they but knew half of my satisfaction in rewarding a brave man, they would feel that my recompense quite equals their own, and, in the end, more than theirs, for I have an accumulation to gratify me, while theirs is but a single honour—but read my gallant general.

COL. S.—Sire, there remains but two names on the present list—poor Corporal la Guerre, who is at present laid up in the Hospital de l'Esperance with a deep sabre-cut upon the head, and who, after a praiseworthy act of gallantry, defended his superior officer from a close attack, by throwing himself between and receiving the blow aimed at his colonel.

NAP.—Brave lad. I shall personally visit the corporal. That man's an honour to me; but there yet remains Jeannot Marcel, who has exhibited unexampled courage. I honour that young man—his deeds must be recorded.

COL. S.—I conveyed to him your wishes, sire, this morning.

NAP.—Humph. Then, of course, he will be here, and bring his young wife, and the wedding party perhaps. I like the humour of these country ceremonies. Jeannot's constancy is very praiseworthy. A brave soldier is ever constant in his love.

Enter Captain of the Guard.

CAPT.—So please you, sire, Jeannot Marcel is without.

NAP.—Alone?

CAPT.—No, sire, he appears to have a wedding party with him.

NAP.—Admit them, instantly.

Captain of the Guard goes out.

NAP.—The rewards of brave men cannot be too publicly or openly given. These simple people will waft the words of encouragement far and near. I never find these rustics presume; so far I am proud to

find that good manners exist among them; and I flatter myself that those under my command know their duties too well to do anything that they think would be displeasing to me. Had my soldiers loved me less, I should never have been the conqueror in so many battles.

Captain of the Guard enters.

CAPT.—Sire, Jeannot Marcel.

They all enter, JEANNETTE and JEANNOT first, MADAME LEJEUNE and SERGEANT, JACQUE and MARIAN, MONSIEUR ARMAND, and villagers, &c.

NAP.—Approach, young man.

JEANNOT—(*Kneels*)—Oh, sire, this honour.

NAP.—Rise, young man—your wife?

JEANNOT—Yes, sire—(*Passes JEANNETTE over to the Emperor—she curtsies timidly.*)

NAP.—Young woman, I congratulate you as the wife of a good soldier.

JEANNETTE—(*Aside to JEANNOT*)—What shall I say, Jeannot—though I don't feel half so much alarmed as I thought I should.

JEANNOT—Let your own heart dictate, my dear.

JEANNETTE—Yes, sire, I am the wife of a soldier—of a soldier who has fought for his country; and though, sire, you have taken him away from home, I have never repined at the separation, because I knew that the necessities of your Majesty, as well as his country, required him to assist in opposing the enemies of France.

NAP.—And your husband was always willing to serve in the good cause?

JEANNETTE—He never uttered a complaint to me, your Majesty—did you, Jeannot? And I think I may venture to say, that a more willing soldier is not to be found in all the ranks of your great army.

NAP.—Bravely spoken, Jeannette. The spirited style of this girl pleases me. Your husband has contributed greatly to my victory.

JEANNOT—Pardon me, sire, but you forget that it is you, their illustrious commander, who may take the chief merit of all this glory upon yourself.

NAP.—And what should I have been—what station, think you, would have been mine at the present moment, if I had not been supported by some of the finest soldiers in the world? I have been told before that all has been owing to me, as their leader; but for my own part, I feel that my present elevation is the consequence of the elevation of my army, and the gallantry they have shown.

The Emperor retires to the table.

JACQUE—He's really a very admirable speaker; but why don't he say something to me—am I not one of those splendid soldiers his Majesty mentions?

MARIAN—Hush, Jacque. Of course you are, only you've not performed any very meritorious act.

JACQUE—Oh, didn't I, though. Didn't I catch a couple of ugly Prussians once, eating up my allowance, which I had left but for a few moments on a bench by the side of the river. Didn't I shove both of them into the water, and then pelted them with stones, as they swam across the stream, because I hadn't got my gun to shoot 'em.

MARIAN—I think you'd better not tell the Emperor that, because he might only smile, and call you a big boy.

JACQUE—Ah, but didn't I, as we were marching past a farm house, where the tramping frightened out a host of pigs. Didn't I, as the poor widow called out, "In mercy save my pigs"—didn't I run and run till, just as I caught one by the tail, he slipped round, and I fell plump into a pond, and was nearly drowned. Wasn't that bravery?

MAD. L.—Hush, children, don't you see the Emperor is about to speak.

The Emperor comes down, bearing the Legion of Honour.

NAP.—Jeannot Marcel, advance. I have heard of frequent acts of your intrepidity from my officers—from my own observation, as well as from my esteemed old comrade, Sergeant Delorme, you saved the old man's life.

JEANNOT—I have done but my duty; and your acknowledgment of that is more than I can desire, and would make me proud enough of my profession.

NAP.—Jeannot, you shall have ample justice done you. Myself, as well as many of your brave comrades present now, were at the storming of a fort, where you combated bravely, and planted our standard amidst a fire of grape-shot from the enemy. But there he stood, my friends, his coat in tatters, his right arm bared, and, holding the standard up aloft, shouted "Vive l'Empereur." That Emperor does live, and bestows upon that soldier the Legion of Honour.

SOLDIERS—Huzza!

NAP.—And in requital for the many brave acts, we make you a colonel, and will place you at the head of your division in the course of to-morrow, not doubting but your zeal may earn you still nobler honours.

JEANNOT—Sire, it shall be my pride to deserve them.

NAP.—I took an interest in you from the first moment that I saw you, and prognosticated that you would make a good soldier. You told me you were an orphan, and totally unknown; that you had nothing in the world to trace your parentage. Tell me, Jeannot, have you since discovered any clue to your origin?

JEANNOT—No, sire, none!

MONS. A.—Pardon, sire, my daring to intrude upon your presence, but the kindness of heart shown to my young friend has given me courage to address you on the subject you have named.

NAP.—Speak, I pray, sir, without reserve.

MONS. A.—My old friend, Marcel, who had the charge of Jeannot, has often told me that he received him, when an infant, from his mother, who was a widow, and who died a few days after calling at his house to ask for protection. Poor Marcel died when Jeannot was but six years of age.

NAP.—Proceed, my good friend, you interest me much.

MONS. A.—I have from time to time discovered papers concerning the orphan child, written by old Marcel, but without throwing any light upon the affair, and which I have often communicated to Jeannot.

JEANNOT—Yes, sire, but without the faintest hope of ever discovering my parentage.

NAP.—Speak on, I pray you, old man.

MONS. A.—This very morning, I have, however, discovered, apparently, a more important document, which I was unwilling to communicate too suddenly, perhaps to the derangement of the joyousness which all feel upon the marriage of Jeannette and Jeannot.

JEANNOT—Oh! pray, proceed. Sire, pardon my anxiety.

NAP.—Go on.

MONS. A.—'Tis here; this packet, sealed and fastened very carefully. I will read it.—(*Reads.*) “Within this packet is enclosed a blood-red heart on a white silken cord, worn by a young woman, who, in the month of February 1797, came to my cottage, weak and dejected, bearing an infant in her arms, and begging for shelter from the storm for a short time, as she was following to the scene of battle to discover the remains of her husband, whom she heard had perished on the field; she became insensible from extreme exhaustion, but at lucid intervals I obtained from her, that her name was Marie, that her husband had enlisted in the service of his country shortly after they were married, that the infant was their first born—a boy. And enclosed is also a letter which she gave me, as one she had received from her husband, and which is signed Albert Delorme.”

SERG.—Just heaven, my own history. Give me that letter, old man. (*Rushes up and takes the letter, the heart, and document, looks at them an instant.*) Oh! happiness—my boy, my boy, I am your father!

JEANNOT—My father. Oh! heaven.—(*They rush forward and embrace.*)

SERG.—Oh! joy—oh! rapture—now could I die content. Oh! sire, pardon me, but the instant joy at this recovery is more than—oh! my child, my dear child!

JEANNETTE—Jeannot.

SERG.—You, too, my dear child, kind heaven bless you both!—(*They embrace.*)

JACQUE—(*aside*)—Why don't some persons rush and embrace me?

MONSIEUR ARMAND *congratulates them, first, bowing to the Emperor.*

NAP.—Sergeant Delorme, you have ever proved yourself an honourable soldier. I congratulate you upon finding your son; and you, young man, that you have a father who is so good a soldier, and I elect him here, to be enrolled as one of my old guard.

OMNES—Vive our noble Empereur!

NAP.—Sergeant, I salute you. Jeannot be you near my person. I feel great interest in so much heroism and so much pure simplicity and love as has been shown to-day, and shall give a fete in honour of these events—which, as great acts become nobler by the admiration of the world—will be much and most honoured by our present auditors approval of—

JEANNOT—Jeannette—(*Taking her hand.*)

JEANNETTE—And Jeannot—(*Curtseying.*)

Grand Flourish—Picture.

The Curtain Falls.

